

Poets Smalltown, Every Reason

There's a clever girl
Who wonders what voice to believe
When she hears all they have to say
Talking more and more of trusting Jesus
Is she testing, treading or drinking?
Isn't it apparent
That her thirsting is inherent?
She has

(Chorus:)
Every reason
To cup her hands beneath it
Taste the sweet release
Every reason
To satisfy and give her
Every reason to believe

There's an able girl
On the proving ground she finally found
The place to wash her fear away
With the gift of faith
The Holy Spirit made there in wait
He draws her weary heart
Here to lose a million things
Forgotten as the fountain brings her

(Chorus)

There's a happy girl
The search for absolutes is over
A new beginning under way
Standing by the stream
A river bold, pure and endless
And it overflows and she has

(Chorus)